



## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Jan. 31, 1874]

"Is it not enough, sir," she asked with mournful accent, "that you have stolen me from my home, treated me with every indignity, and brought me to this prison, but your first words must be insults which only tend to make me abhor you more utterly than I already did?"

"Now there's no use to go on with that, my dear. It won't do a bit of good, you take my word for that. I don't mind telling you, Maggie, that you're in a place that's not very good out of it; and that you'll be likely to stay here till some time in your nose."

"But I don't mean you to harm me, gal. I think you'll make me a good little wife, and as you wouldn't come round in your own way, you've got to in mine. That's all."

"What have I done to you?" she pitifully exclaimed, "that you have treated me so? I could not love you, I told you that. Between honorable men and freeborn women no more is asked or needed. Why have you dared to drag me from my home, and immerse me in this horrid prison?"

"I need by your eye, not ten minutes ago, gal, that you thought it was a mighty pretty place. Now it's a horrid prison. Maybe, Maggie, the boys of Wilson's Corner are easy satisfied—but when I says I love a gal I mean it, and there's no bound a-going to stop between. If you take my advice, you'll not lose much time a coming to your senses. Dick Brown might be put off and on, but Tom Gillespie's a boy of another color, as, maybe, you'll find, if you're cantankerous."

"You villain!" she cried, in a burst of irresistible anger, "you have already dropped the mask of pretended love, and are dealing in threats. Do you know that I have Western blood in my veins—the blood of a race that would sooner die than yield an inch to a threat? You boast of your power over me. Your power! Do you know that the whole country is up by this time in pursuit of me, that the eyes of men who can track the wildest beast of the forest to its lair are on your track? That Robert Gordon, the man I love and who loves me, will follow you though it be to the world's end, and exact vengeance for this outrage? Robber of the weak and defenseless, you have your triumph now! Make much of it, for it will not be for long. Vengeance, short, sharp and dire, will follow you to your den, and repay you in full for the base action you have committed."

"Well said, my dear," he replied, with a mocking laugh. "It does me good to see you fire up. You don't know how it improves your beauty. But do you happen to know where you are?"

"No," she replied, in a bold tone, but with a heart that sank at the triumphant tone he had used.

"You're in a place that the people about here have been a trying to smell out for the last five years, and ain't no nearer it now than when they began. You're in a cave a mile away from sunlight. All the scents of the country couldn't find their way in; and if you tried to get out, you'd only be falling over some rock and breaking your neck for your trouble. And that's a thing I don't intend to let you do."

"I had better far meet death than the fate of which you speak!" she pitifully exclaimed. "Oh, sir, if you have the feelings of a man, if a touch of human sentiment ever moved your breast, release me from this cell, restore me to my home, and I will ever bless you. You know not how I have suffered, how I suffer now. Have pity, sir. If you love me, as you say, show your love by releasing me from this misery. My endless grief cannot please you, my gratitude may."

"Oh, you'll get out of that, Maggie," he coolly replied. "I don't intend to be hard on you, but I know, and I know—what you're going to do this trouble just for nothing. I know you're a bit mad and hurt now, but that won't last. You'll find me a good sort of a husband, and I know you'll make me a very clever wife, in spite of this bit of a tantrum."

"Never!" she cried, indignantly. "I will die first!"

"Yes, I've heard that sort of thing on the stage, Maggie. But the gals that said it never died. They just got married and lived happy, as you're going to. There's one thing—I know you're fooling yourself about that feller, Rob Gordon. You needn't. Hell never trouble you any more."

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a startled tone.

"Only that he's gone under. Got an ounce of lead through a bad part of his carcass, food for wolves by this time. So it isn't worth while troubling him."

"Fie, murderer, devil!" she screamed, in an agony of apprehension, as the fall meaning of his words broke upon her. "You have killed him! You have killed my lover, and stand there boasting of the deed to me!" She flung herself upon him, with all the fury of the wild cat that is robbed of its young, and but that he stepped quickly aside, he might have been made to regret his brutal heart, strong as he was, for in such a mood even a woman may display the strength of a giant.

Before she could recover from the shock of her assault, she heard the quick clash of a bolt, and turned to find herself alone in the cave, and the door closed and bolted upon her.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE ATTEMPTED ESCAPE.

We will not detail the events of the succeeding night and day, the flood of grief, anguish and despair that overwhelmed her, how she beat till her hands were wounded at the door of her cell, in the vain hope that it would yield and open to her the road to freedom, how she passed the night, which there was but as the day, sleepless and suffering. Hour succeeded hour and the dreadful monotony of her cell weighed upon her more heavily with every minute.

The beauty with which nature had adorned it had no charm for her eyes. They were too dim with the tears they had shed to see aught but terror in her surroundings.

That Rob had been indeed murdered she feared was only too true. She now knew the full malignity of his foe—and she knew that no light cause would have hindered the return of her lover on the evening of the dancing party.

Her grief for him was far greater than for herself. The lesser misfortune was swallowed up and lost in the greater.

Yet she feared her abductor, with a terrible fear. She saw that she was utterly in the power of an unscrupulous man. Whatever designs he entertained she feared would be carried out, despite her opposition or her feelings. She had already learned that she was but as a child in his grasp. Neither her strength, her tears, her indignation, or her appeals to his pity, would be likely to have any effect upon this monster.

She could not look forward to hope, for hope was dead in her path, the whole future seemed but one dark cloud of misery.

Mons were brought her at regular inter-

vals by her would-be lover, and her lamp once or twice changed. He spoke to her on these occasions, but she would make him no answer. She felt too fully the uneasiness of suspense, and was too weary to reveal any further scenes of represalism.

He could no more eat than sleep. The food remained untouched.

In his last visit on the afternoon of this second day—it had seemed more nearly a year to her—he brought her a double allowance of food, removing the unwholesome strands of the former meal.

"Now, Maggie," he said, "I don't see no use in you starving yourself, for it'll come to that if you go on without eating. Them a good videt I've been to you, and I'm a-going to do the right thing by you, and you'll feel happy and come to your senses. I've bought you a double allowance, for I won't be here till after break fast time to-morrow. You don't have reasonable now and eat something."

Leading her carefully forward they entered another avenue, and soon emerged in the antechamber of the cave. He paused just within the mouth of the avenue, looking eagerly out.

The apartment was fully illuminated, not only by a lamp which burned dimly at one side, but by the clear light of a new day, which came in growing up through the entrance passage. They were rather late. Day had dawned in the world without.

A sentinel still sat by the passage, but his head was on his breast, and his general relaxation of attitude betokened sleep.

"Now, Maggie," he whispered, "wait till I give you the sign, then steal across the cave and into the passage. I will follow you."

With noiseless tread he crossed the cell till he stood near the sleeper. Stooping, he cautiously opened the pan of the rifle that stood beside him, and blew out the powder.

Now stationing himself partly behind him, so as to have him at an advantage he could suddenly awake, he made the promised signal to Maggie.

With her heart palpitating with fear and hope she softly trod the cave, her foot-steps making no more sound than would the fall of so many autumn leaves.

In a minute she was within the passage. Gordon instantly followed her, the sentinel continuing to sleep.

Reaching the mouth of the passage the full day lay revealed to them. The sky was yet rosy with the light of the dawn, and the tree tops were gilded with the first rays of the rising sun. The enveloping bushes prevented their seeing below the summit of the forest.

"We have to take the middle of the stream," he whispered. "Had I not better carry you? You will get unpleasantly wet."

The soulless speaker stood before him with levelled pistol, and a devilish leer upon his face.

"Who's got a hat to give that I don't pin my right ear to the tree the first shot?" he asked, with cruel malignity.

To settle the question she stepped reluctantly into the stream, lifting her skirts to keep them from the water.

Without another word he again led the way, carefully traversing the stream, and putting the bushes aside that she might pass.

A fresh air swept their faces, very different from the close, miasmal atmosphere of the caverns. The sunlight was making its way down through the leaves and lighting up the as yet shadowy arches.

Above their heads sounded the final concert of the birds, pouring a drowsy, peaceful note. *Tom* was despite his *Tom*.

"I'll take this job," said the gambler.

"I had a sight on the fellow once and you stopped me. You'd better let me eat his wind then."

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Gordon, with a courage for which he had not given himself credit, looked his executioner full in the face, with a look that cowed him, as the look of a brave man always cows a villain.

"I've got a word for you, sir," said Henderson, drawing a pistol and covering his associate. "We punish traitors, but do not torture them. You've took this job in hand. If you miss your man I'll not miss you."

"All right, Jack," said the other, deprecatingly.

"I was only joking."

He again raised his pistol, and the prisoner felt that his last hour was come. He closed his eyes, in a passing spasm of dread of his fatal fate.

A quick, sharp report, too loud for a pistol, sounded, yet he was not touched.

Opening his closed eyes it was to behold the gambler falling lifeless to the ground, the weapon in his hand yet undischarged.

A puff of smoke was rising over the neighboring bushes, and Gillespie's career had been suddenly cut short by a rifle bullet through the brain.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 33.)

society, the avenues expanding into apartments of various dimensions, all clad in white, and each displaying its own particular phase of beauty. These again contracted into passages, some of them very low and narrow. Once or twice they had to stoop and almost creep, so contracted were the rooms.

Gordon replied by leaping back and bringing his rifle to his shoulder.

"Stand back, Jack Henderson!" he cried, "or, as I am living man, I'll put a bullet through you!"

Henderson leaped back at his gang.

"Go for him, men!" he said, in a quick, short roar.

There or four of the men at once sprang hasty forward. In an instant the rifle was discharged, ineffectually, at the nearest of these, and Gordon turned to run into the thicket.

But he was too late. Henderson seized him by the shoulders, and had only behind him his hands were grasping him.

His hands were tied behind his back, and a knot of men practised at the business, and at a word from the leader he was dragged rapidly through the woods for two or three hundred yards. They haltered again another but smaller clump of bushes.

"This is a good spot," said Henderson, motioning to the man that held the prisoner.

He was at once tied firmly to a maple of considerable growth that grew close by.

"Now, friend Thompson," said Henderson, in his cool, merciless tone, "we gave you a good chance, and you went back on us. You must prevail through the cave and carry off our prisoners. You must humbug the guard and get outside, with a nice story, I suppose, to spread round, about your finding the robbers' cave and all that. It won't work, my lad. We've one way of treating honest pals and another way of treating traitors. You've gone back on us, and you've got to stand the blunt."

"I had no orders again looking through the cave, nor none again coming outside," Gordon ventured to say, though feeling himself in a most desperate strait. "I'd like to know how I've been a traitor than this."

"I'll tell you how," said Henderson severely.

"You've been trying to play on him, so as to have him at an advantage he could suddenly awake, he made the promised signal to Maggie.

With her heart palpitating with fear and hope she softly trod the cave, her foot-steps making no more sound than would the fall of so many autumn leaves.

In a minute she was within the passage. Gordon instantly followed her, the sentinel continuing to sleep.

The prisoner made no reply. He knew the speaker well enough to know that it would be useless, and he was too proud to beg for his life. He bowed his head and prayed silently as one only can pray who sees death in all its horror before him.

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"Don't mind me. I am safe with them."

"I am your brother," was the reply.

"You have not seen me since you were quite young, and have probably forgotten me."

"Who are you?" he asked, in a cautious tone.

There was something in his voice, attitude and expression that gave her courage.

"A poor, unfortunate captive," she replied.

"I feared so," he answered, advancing openly into the cell. "Your face is familiar, like that of a villain."

"I am called Maggie Campbell," she answered, still more reassured, and rising from the bed. "I was carried off yesterday by a villain, and brought to this dreadful prison. I am sure you are not an associate of his."

"No, indeed," he replied. "I remember you now, though it is long since I have seen you. Do you not recognize my face?"

"Your features are familiar," she said, advancing toward him. "You resemble a friend of mine, named Robert Gordon."

"I am his brother," was the reply.

"You have not seen me since you were quite young, and have probably forgotten me."

"I know you now," she said, advancing rapidly toward him. "Are you, too, a prisoner in this terrible place?"

"A virtual prisoner," he replied. "Who brought you here, and with what object?"

She proceeded to describe her adventures of the previous day, detailing her meetings with the assumed Dick Brown, her treatment of his advances, and the features of the abduction and pursuit.

She spoke also of her threats to her, and of his hint that Rob Gordon had been murdered the night before.

The latter information startled the brother.

Rob had left him that night in good time to return to the dancing party. He now learned that he had failed to return.

This, with the jealousy of the kidnapper, and the dark hint he had given, made him fear that his brother had indeed been murdered.

He was careful, however, to keep these doubts to himself, perceiving the nervous condition she was in.

He at once recognized her description of her persecutor in one of the men who had sat at the dinner table with him that day, the brother of Gillespie, the gambler.

"And now," he said, "the next question is, how are we to get out of this place. I have been taking a look through the caves, as far as I could venture, and have made some interesting discoveries. I think the gang are absent, as I have seen none of them during my exploration. My belief is that they left the cave when they parted from me after dinner. But the entrance appears to be under strict guard, and how to pass this guard is the difficulty."

"I hope that we may escape," she earnestly said. "I fear to remain here in the power of that man, and will be eternally grateful to you if you can aid me in escaping."

"I will try," he answered. "It must be now

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them. He sat, instead, over his bed-room fire, his feet in the fender, his head in some flannel garment of his wife's, and swallowing down quarts of gruel—for he had taken cold. Laura quietly told him what Mr. Grame was urging, suppressing her emotion as she best could. The poor, weak major, loving this child of his heart, yond all earthly things, held her hand as he listened.

"What have I done, papa, that this blight should be thrown upon my life?" she asked, with a rising sob. "If it were with that we should not marry, I would give you time. Agents are always difficult to deal with; exacting the uttermost farthing."

"The agent has not been inconsiderate," Laura said.

"His hand shook as he pressed hers. The semi-reproach was, as all things, most grievous to the major. It came home to him; he felt its truth.

"I shall be twenty-five next year, papa. I am getting older day by day. One only happiness has fallen into my later life—the love of William Grame and the expectancy of being his wife. Oh, do not, do not take it from me!"

"Hush, child!—if you begin to sob, I shall stop too; and I am so shabby and ill this evening. Look here—you and he must do it of yourselves, as he suggests. Get married without me, you know."

"And you—will sanction it, dear papa?" she cried, her eyes moist with tears, her voice eager with thankfulness.

"Ay, I'll sanction it, child. And give you both my blessing from my heart; and hope I'll take good care of you. But you must never betray this, Laura; it must lie between you and me and him."

And one morning in the early spring, Laura Piper went out of the house as though about to take a walk, and at the church door met Mr. Grame, who was accompanied by his brother and his sister.

Madam rose up in indignation when the news was carried home—Laura Piper had become Laura Grame. Major Piper shut himself up, and trembled unconsciously. For appearance' sake he railed a little at his daughter; but his wife did not suspect that private treason of his, then or later.

She did not forgive Laura; her bitterness against her was intense. The marriage she never would forgive as long as time should last; and the domestic affairs were all at sixes and sevens without Laura to control them, and Doll and Bobby ran wild. Never an hour of a day passed that she was not dimming Laura's inquiry into the major's ears. Yielding, weak, vacillating, Major Piper began to veer round to her opinions. He vowed that Laura was ungrateful and wicked; and he mentally told himself that it was unpardonably crafty of her to get over him that night when he was suffering, and cause him to say what he did say. In the reaction of feeling he went wholly over to Mrs. Piper, and wrote a stern epistle to Laura at Mr. Grame, casting them off forever, even forbidding them to dare to address him, did they by accidental chance meet out of doors. And his last final act was to be beguiled into accompanying his wife to a new solicitor's, one Mr. Pye, and give instructions for a fresh will, leaving her all he possessed.

Ah, what injustice takes place in the world! But for Heaven above to fly to for appeal and comfort, I don't know what some of us would do when it falls upon us.

Five years rolled away. For the first three of those years Mr. Grame and his wife had been completely happy, both in themselves and in their circumstances. Children were born to them; his practice increased; and he hoped he might in time be renowned as one of London's eminent surgeons. Major and Mrs. Piper had entirely flung them off; if by some accident chance, as the major had expressed it in his letter, they met in the street, they passed as strangers. That was Laura's sole cause of grief; it was terrible to her to be held at variance by her father.

At the beginning of the fourth year a great misfortune fell on Mr. Grame. He was seized with rheumatic fever. It was not at all a common case, but dangerous, prolonged, and difficult. After months and months of acute suffering, he rose from his bed partially helpless, quite unable to pursue his profession. When he could begin to take it up again, even in a small degree, the second year from the time of his seizure was passing.

And how bad had they been supported? Looking back, Laura could scarcely tell; save that it had been by herself; her own exertions had supplied their daily wants. When any extra and pressing need occurred that she was unable to meet, something out of the house had been parted with. The furniture had not been superfluous in quantity or quality at first; it was very scanty now. Lessons in music, in French, in drawing, she gave—in anything, in short, that she could find pupils for; and by that means she obtained sufficient money to keep the wolf from the door. They had retained their home. To give up that would be the worst of all. Mr. Grame had been known there before; and when he could resume practice people might come back again. But it had altogether been a struggle and a trial, the full depth of which none but themselves had known; none ever would know. Even now, though Mr. Grame was, so to say, recovered, and waiting for patients, the battle with poverty raged fiercely; and Laura believed that in the end the house must be given up. Or, rather, that it would give up them.

One great comfort had arisen for her. In the darkest trials there generally steals in some gleam of sunshine. When Mr. Grame was at the worst, and Laura nearly beside herself with the weight that lay upon her—the daily teaching, the care of her husband, the care of her children, the incalculable of the one young servant maid, whom alone she could keep, and scarcely dared do that she received a visit from the old servant Day. Day had left Major Piper's service soon after his new wife entered it, but she had never lost sight of the family, and she now came to Mrs. Grame in her affliction. "I have come to stay with you, Miss Laura," she said, finally taking off her bonnet and cloak, "I shall not go away again till I see you through your trouble." And Day was there still, the prop and stay of everything; a wonderful help and comfort to Laura; and mortally offended if the subject of wages was hinted at.

But to get up a practice after once losing it is a work of time. Laura taught, and strove, and economized; but debt was gaining upon them.

They sat one morning at breakfast together, they and their two elder children; the baby, a year old, was somewhere with Day. They were eating dry toast and had weak tea; the little ones something that was called "sop"; bread soaked in hot water and some milk and sugar added to it. Laura's tears were dropping. When the heart and spirit have long been depressed, a slight accession of trouble will cause the grief to overflow. On the table lay an open letter from the landlord's agent; stating that unless the rent was paid within a week, he should be compelled to take steps to enforce it. They knew what that meant.

"Don't distress yourself, Laura," said

Mr. Grame. "That will do no good. Eat your breakfast."

"I can't eat. It may be the end of everything," she wailed on. "Practice is beginning to come back now, and if you have to go to some obscure place you will never get up again."

He knew it was as she said. Almost life and death as it seemed to him, hung on his being able to retain this house.

"William, I don't believe Sir Edward would press you for the rent if he knew the circumstances of the case. I believe he would give you time. Agents are always difficult to deal with; exacting the uttermost farthing."

The agent had not been inconsiderate, Laura. He had let the rent run longer than could have been expected. But I do believe that, to remain on here, in my only chance of getting up in the world again."

"And how could we get more furniture, if we lost this?" she asked, in a voice of pain.

"Willie, my little dear, there is no more soap; you have had your share."

Mr. Grame handed his last bit of toast to the boy; a bright little fellow, with long fair curly hair. He had no more appetite than his wife this morning.

"Me, too; me, too," struck in the other little one. And Laura gave over to him the piece she was trying to eat.

At nine o'clock she went out to give music-lessons at a school, the musical teaching of which she had obtained. When returning home at twelve, she, in passing hastily round the sharp corner of a street, ran against her father. This was the first time they had met thus closely. Each stopped involuntarily; and their hands, perhaps involuntarily also, went out to each other.

"Papa!"

"Laura!"

"It seems as though we had met on purpose!" thought Laura, in quite a glow of hope. For on and off, throughout the morning—nay, throughout many a morning and day past—had the idea been floating in her mind, that if she could dare to see her father, he perhaps might aid them in their dire strait.

"You are much changed, Laura."

"Yes I know it, papa. Trouble has changed me. For these two years past, I have had nothing else but trouble."

"It was an unfortunate marriage, that of yours. If you had been content to be single, Laura."

"Papa—you know—you sanctioned it."

"Hush, child. I was very foolish, I fear; and I regretted it afterward. Why did you take advantage of my error?"

"Oh, William, don't!" she cried in alarm. "Don't you lose hope? That would be the worst of all."

"I was only thinking," said Mr. Grame.

"Things will come round," she added, repeating the words he had used not long before. "I know you will, if we do but trust in God."

"I am getting old, you see, child. I shall be sixty-six this year. Age tells upon most of us."

She might well say he was changed!

The once tall, upright form was now drooping and painfully thin, seeming to have no more strength left in it than a thread-paper.

"It all lies in my legs," remarked the major. "They'll hardly carry me; they give way under me sometimes. I had an attack of gout, Laura, some months ago, and it seemed to settle in my legs. But for this stick, I could not get along."

Mr. Grame, sitting opposite to Sir Edward, in the handsome room, warm with its glowing fire, redolent of ease and comfort, laid his case before him. He spoke of his once rising practice and hopeful prospects; of his long and damaging illness, that had blighted them; of how he had, through his wife's exertions, struggled on and maintained their home; and the preparations for the wedding were in full flow when the hot days of summer came. Major Piper was better then; he could walk with the help of somebody's arm and his stick; and by the orders of his doctor he sat for two or three hours daily under the trees in the square. He had said no more about Laura, and Mrs. Piper assumed that the folly had passed off, and that his mind was at rest again. Still she looked after him effectually; and he could no more have held communication with a lawyer, paid one a visit, or summoned one to the house, than he could have gone to the moon.

To Bobby—a restless young gentleman of thirteen now—was delegated the task of assisting the major in the square, of the prolonged struggles, of the lack of patients, of everything. Laura left him whistling a popular tune. But later, when she re-entered the room unexpectedly, she found him buried in gloom. He did not hear her come in, and she saw him as he was—the brow heavy with trouble, the relaxed hands hanging down, the lines of the face worn with perplexity, all suggestive of despair.

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The greatest difficulty was, of course, the rent. Mr. Grame had no more means of getting it up then, or the half, or quarter of it, than a pump has of yielding wine. But that difficulty was tide over. Stimulus and perseverance made him; he plucked up face and courage, and went, a petitioning beggar, to the head landlord, S'r Edward Stuart: an old gentleman who was not wont to be troubled with business matters, and who granted him an interview with difficulty.

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To Bobby—a restless young gentleman of thirteen now—was delegated the task of assisting the major in the square, of the prolonged struggles, of the lack of patients, of everything. Laura left him whistling a popular tune. But later, when she re-entered the room unexpectedly, she found him buried in gloom. He did not hear her come in, and she saw him as he was—the brow heavy with trouble, the relaxed hands hanging down, the lines of the face worn with perplexity, all suggestive of despair.

"Oh, William, don't!" she cried in alarm. "Don't you lose hope? That would be the worst of all."

"I was only thinking," said Mr. Grame.

"Things will come round," she added, repeating the words he had used not long before. "I know you will, if we do but trust in God."

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Jan. 31, 1874.]

## WHEN SATURDAY EVENING POST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1874.

### TERMS—Always in Advance.

Single copy, 25c a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is to twenty cents a year, and postage of the paper, which is to be paid by the subscriber, will be entitled to a copy of our "New Chromo," or to either of our large and beautiful "Prominent Steel Engravings." The "Song of Home & Health," or "Winnings at Monte Carlo."

The copy of "The Post" (8vo) and one of T. S. Adler's "Home Magazine" (20c) will be sent for \$4.00. Each publication will be sent with its Premium gift of the "New Chromo," or "Prominent Steel Engraving," or each separately subscriber for.

"Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or engraving. Or 20 cents, if the Chromo is to contain more than one subject, and twice the cost of mailing the Chromo increased—it greatly increases its value."

"Behaviors in British North America must result nearly costs extra, as we have to prepare the U. S. postage."

"Advertisers should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, payable to the order of the Saturday Evening Publishing Company."

"Be Careful in Ordering Books."

"Our subscribers are advised to be very careful in opening the packages of the Chromos or Engravings when they are received, but they should insure them."

**Address**

SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

### SUCCESS OF OUR NEW CHROMO!

#### MORE COMPLIMENTARY NOTICES.

Daisy Horns says of our Chromo, "One of Life's Happy Hours."

"It is indeed the most beautiful Chromo I ever saw. I thought 'Eliza' seemed a gem, but words fail me here."

A gentleman writes to us—

"The Chromo came all safe and I delivered them. Every one seems delighted with them, and pronounces them real gems."

E. H. E., Jefferson, Md., writes—

"I received by yesterday a small the Chromo, all in good order, for which you will please accept thanks. The Chromo is indeed a beauty, and every subscriber is delighted with it."

"I have mine in a heavy gilt frame, and this I show to persons. I have been asked the question—'Will you sell it?' and my answer positively is 'no.'

From the Norristown "Daily Herald," Dec. 27, 1873.—

"One of Life's Happy Hours" is the title of the premium chromo now being issued by the Saturday Evening Post to all their ready subscribers. In richness of color and artistic execution, it is ahead of anything in that line we have yet seen, and could not be had at a picture store for less than the subscription price of the paper. The first is one of the largest and best literary weeklies published, and its large circulation enables the publishers to give a copy of this chromo to every subscriber.

Mrs. E. E. A., San Jose, California, writes—

"Please accept my hearty thanks for the beautiful Chromo, 'One of Life's Happy Hours'—truly named, as every mother will say. Those hours of innocence and joy come but once in a child's lifetime. I received the picture Christmas, and it is a veritable Christmas gift. With your very valuable and interesting paper, and such charming Chromos, it is no wonder that you have so many subscribers. I have hung it over my writing-table, and when tired it will recall me to gaze on such a beautiful picture."

Mrs. G. L., Perry Co., Illinois, writes to us—

"I am now forty-seven years of age, and have been a constant reader of your valuable paper since childhood. The Post has been our family paper for years, and so highly do we prize it, that no single copy has ever been destroyed. The Post, with the premiums, has filled our home with choice reading, and beautiful pictures. To show how much we appreciate The Post, please find enclosed the amount for four copies of the paper, for myself, and three daughters, who say they *never* have the Post."

#### Nobility of Character.

Herein is the true secret of the nobility of character. The habit of acting from the highest considerations is that which makes a man noble. Nobility may be conferred upon men in only one way. The recognition of this may be conferred upon them. The king lays his sword upon a man's shoulder and calls him a knight; but he was a knight before he was knighted, or he would not have received the title. It was the heroic endurance, the death defying courage, the skill and coolness with which he achieved his notable deeds, that made him knight. He was in himself royal and noble, and the king, seeing it, said to all men, "I see it, when he laid his sword on his shoulder." The thing itself was wrought out. If you make nobility hereditary, set to it that you bring up your children to be as noble as their fathers were. Otherwise, nobility becomes a mere occasion. For nobles sons are oftentimes monkeys, they themselves being clods. And where kingship, or earldom, or knighthood descends, as a matter of course, it may or may not descend nobly. We have families in America that from fathers to sons are historical, all of them having the same superior traits and excellencies; and these families are noble. Nobility is the power of doing everything, little or great, from the highest motives. It is not merely doing hard things. Many people seem to think that nobility consists in doing something that other people can not do, but it consists in bringing to bear motives which common and vulgar men do not know how to use. —*Berkeley.*

#### French Children.

The garden of the Tuilleries is peopled at all hours of sunshine with, to me, the most lovely objects in the world—children. They move my heart always, more than anything under Heaven; but a French child, with an accent that all your paid masters cannot give, and manners, in the midst of its romping, that mock to the life the air and courtesy for which Paris has a name over the world, is enough to make one forget Napoleon, though the column of Vendome throws its shadow within sound of their voices. Imagine sixty-seven acres of beautiful creatures (that is the extent of the garden), and I have not seen such a thing as an ugly French child—broad avenues stretching away as far as you can see, covered with little foreigners so young to me, dressed in gay colors, and laughing and romping and talking French, in all the amusing mixture of baby passions and grown-up manners, and answer me—is it not a sight better worth seeing than all the grand palaces that it contains?—N. P. Willis.

### Shall Winter be Friend or Foe?

### LETTERS FROM ZIG.

#### THE SCUM OF HUMANITY.

The northern nations who have this question to answer, this adversary to challenge them at regular intervals and give them no peace except they conquer it, are the leaders of the race in all things, from which it is clear that winter is good, and all we have to do is to make good use of it. The first consideration is a refuge in which to rally our forces. This is what we want of a house, to shelter and minister to us until we are in condition to welcome winter as friend; not to be a place of ignoble retreat. The pioneer home of the country probably answered their purpose better than most modern dwellings, tested by the health of their occupants. Better for them, very imperfections. Loosely built, ventilation too care of it. The air entered at innumerable crevices, and the open fire drew into the current and sent up the chimney every noxious element, doing the work of purification thoroughly. In the Hudson Islands they have no consumption, though they live, as we should think, to the last degree uncomfortable—the fire in the middle of the one room, and an opening in the roof above for a chimney. Inclosed, unmitigated cold draughts there must be, but the lungs are not harmed; it is on the mainland, where better houses are built, that consumption finds its victim. Without going back to the discards of primitive living, we can revive the best feature, the open fire. There is no more perfect ventilator known, and the use of it increases in modern buildings; numbers of small plain houses have low down grates for coal, where the supreme luxury of blinding wax is not to be thought of.

Still the open fire is not as much used as it ought to be and will be when its importance is realized. Poor and hard-working people, especially those whose work keeps them in doors, will count it worth its cost in adding to their best capital, health. If the room is small and low, and the liberty of going out any way abridged, all the more important becomes the open fire.

This difficulty of thorough ventilation, only beginning to be met and conquered, accounts for the prevalence of consumption in northern latitudes. The necessities of indoor life, with all its disadvantages, is quite reason enough, and until the winter arrangements of houses are very much improved, the vitiated atmosphere that fills them will continue to be a prolific source of lung diseases. That the changes of weather are injurious of themselves, is not at all probable. With proper protection cold is invigorating, the blustering wind a tonic, the drowsed east wind peculiarly delicious, except to human hot-house plants. "Of all the airs that blow" the most refreshing is that which sweeps inland bearing on its stormy wings the briny fragrance and the welcome inspiration of the wide, wild sea. It smites the weary brow and thrills new life through the veins like a bold Viking's challenge. Charles Kingsley has written some stirring lines that sound its praise in trumpet tones. The winter winds may be too much where there is actual disease; but if the case were mine I should use a veil to break their force, and at least try facing them all with undaunted front, sure that their roughness only smites to heal. To cower "under the weather," is a mean feeling enough, best avoided by bravely the weather, in season and out of season. Many a consumptive who would have died young if he had succumbed pusillanimously to the tyrannous caprices of our climate, has encountered them all, regardless of exposure, and conquered his inherited tendencies, living out a life of average health and duration. This is attested by the heated over seas of diseased lungs found in subjects that have recovered from consumption, and afterward died of some other complaint. The post boys believed in this heroic treatment of hereditary weakness, applied to his outdoor life, much of it on horseback, at his beautiful country home, Edgewood. Harriet Hosmer was another consumptive, who would have died young if he had succumbed pusillanimously to the tyrannous caprices of our climate, has encountered them all, regardless of exposure, and conquered his inherited tendencies, living out a life of average health and duration. This is attested by the heated over seas of diseased lungs found in subjects that have recovered from consumption, and afterward died of some other complaint. The post boys believed in this heroic treatment of hereditary weakness, applied to his outdoor life, much of it on horseback, at his beautiful country home, Edgewood. Harriet Hosmer was another

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## HOW LOOKED THE EARTH?

BY INA D. COOLBIRTH.

How looked the earth unto His eyes,  
So lately closed on Paradise?  
Ced all in purity  
As though a briar  
That witheth her to love to see—  
That watcheth in her love and pride?

Was the snow white on fields and rocks,  
Whereon the shepherds watched their flocks  
In the cold winter night?  
And saw the angel clothed in white,  
The bidden gates that opened wide,  
In mirth and gladness, when he was  
There, and dared not grieve upon?

Snow, hither, thither, and afar,  
Beneath the new mysterious star?

Show unto Lemuel, when he was  
At his bed-side, wood, a crystal net  
Of frost-work, beautifull to see?

Show unto Oliver—  
Snow upon Calvary?

Found He it fair to look upon,  
Beneath the woof of the sun,  
The turf wherein He trod?  
Did He bend His glance to greet  
The daily glancing from the sod?

The sky slim and tall,  
The ferny banks of shadowed woods,  
The singing birds within the brooks,  
Each slender blade of grass that sprang,  
Each little bird that sang

It was heart out to me,  
I think He found them sweet—  
He knew and loved them all?

—Overland Monthly.

## THE GHOST OF NORMAN PARK;

### Two Women Wronged.

BY MARY AHERSTONE BIRD.

#### CHAPTER VII.

The day wore heavily away. Sir John had sealed the depository which he and his accomplices supposed still contained the signature for which they had plunged so deep in crime.

Lady Norman continued in the same state of stupor, partly lulled by mild narcotics, partly stunned by the excess of grief, and occasionally broken by wild paroxysms of agony which seemed as if they could only terminate in death or madness.

The servants, finding that Mrs. Briggs's usually strict discipline was relaxed, spent the time in whispered conversations in which everything that had happened, and much too that had not, were anxiously discussed. Among these subjects the second apparition of the ghost, as vouches for by Tom Warren, drew a large share of attention.

Then there was a visit from the coroner and several justices of the peace, besides many inquiries, cards, and condolences from numerous neighbors who had heard that an accident had happened, and came to offer friendly services, should such be required.

Toward evening another whisper circulated through the house, to the effect that Sir John's flushed face and glittering eyes were due to his frequent libations, rather than to the fever of grief and anxiety brought on by his old friend's death and his wife's illness.

"Old Brown" has been drinking like a fish too," remarked the butler, who had just communicated this interesting piece of intelligence, "but Lord! it takes no effect upon him, no more than if you was to pour so much good liquor into an old leather bottle. I should not wonder one if they was to sit up and make a night of it."

Contrary to this prediction, however, the baronet gave orders that every one, except those engaged in attendance on Lady Norman, should retire early, and himself set the example. This was to give the attorney ample leisure to draw up and engross the forged will.

For reasons of her own, Mrs. Briggs took good care that this order was punctually enforced, and retired last of all, leaving instructions with Mitford, the lady's maid, to summon her at one o'clock to take her turn of duty in sitting up with the forged will.

The housekeeper paid a final visit to the sick room, bringing with her a cup of hot elder wine to comfort the lonely watcher. The unsuspecting Abigail swallowed the comfortable draught, and sat down in an easy-chair by the fire, with a volume of the *Mysteries of Udolpho* in her hand, thinking to while away the silent hours with a lively and appropriate subject.

In about an hour a strange sound was heard in the apartment. Was it a stifled groan uttered by the invalid? No—she lay in a deep slumber. Was it the rain that dashed against the windows, or the wind that howled and shrieked among the pointed gables and old clustered chimney-stacks, through which it rushed and whistled as though it would tear them from the roof, and whirl them in a fantastic dance to the hill-tops? No, the sound came from within the room itself. Again it comes—more prolonged, more varied in its cadence than before. It is repeated with still more distinctness; and now it breaks forth as a fully-developed snore, emanating from the nasal organs of the fair watcher of the night. Her head had fallen backward, in a position of which this snoring fantasia was the inevitable result. The book had fallen from her hand—the candle burned dim—the fire was almost out—and still she slept, and still she snored. The great hall clock struck twelve, and as the solemn reverberation melted into silence, the sweeter tones from the distant village spire were heard, as though it had waited deferentially till its aristocratic brother had said his say, before it ventured to repeat, to the slumbering villagers, the information that another day had begun.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

With a low moan, Lady Norman awoke. Her sleep had been the sleep of exhaustion, assisted by an anodyne; and her awakening brought with it but a confused sense of having gone through some dreadful, but undiminished suffering.

"I have had a horrid nightmare," she murmured, raising herself in her bed: "or have I been ill? Have I had a fever, and been delirious? What in Mitford sitting there? Yes—yes—I must have been ill, and had a fearful dream. I'll go to my father's room, and see that he is safe."

She was about to rise, when she was checked by the sound of a low, sweet voice, full of a strange pathos, speaking from behind the curtain.

"Julia—Lady Norman," it said, "stay and listen to me. Do not be alarmed, nor imagine that I am some being of another world. I am a suffering sister—a wronged and broken-hearted woman like yourself, who desires to sustain you under an affliction, compared with which, her own seven years of lonely misery, are nothing."

"Who are you? What are you?" cried Lady Norman, pulling aside the curtain.

"A sincere friend, though you do not know me," replied the tenant of the haunted chambers, leaning forward so that the light from the expiring candle might fall upon her face; "but think not of me now, nor of who or what I am. You shall know all presently. Time presses, and you must act."

"What must I do? Where is my father?" asked the bewildered lady, who still clung to the hope that all the horrors of the previous day had been enacted only in her dreams.

"Your worst fears do not exceed the truth," replied the visitor; "he is dead. And surely that were grief enough for one so young and tender as you. But there is something yet more horrible for you to hear."

"Something more horrible?" repeated Lady Norman, gazing eagerly into the face of the stranger; "what can be more horrible than that?"

"I do not wish to tell you if it can be avoided. Will you come away with me, and never see Sir John Norman again?"

"Leave my husband!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "Never, while I live!"

"Do not give him that name of affection," said the strange lady, sternly; "but if in one word you can express all that is most ungrateful, cowardly, false, cruel andavaricious, use that word in speaking of Sir John Norman."

"What do you mean to insinuate? I will believe nothing that you say against my husband."

"And yet you must believe what those aching eyes tell you," said the other; "trust to me and come. All shall be explained; but I dare not tell you the whole truth at once. You could not bear it."

"The truth could not be so hard to bear as this rocking doubt," said Lady Norman. "Oh, God! can it be so indeed? My father! Was he—was he murdered?"

"He was dead before he fell from his horns."

"And the murderer? Who was he?"

"Who was with him? Who alone would gain by his death if the lawyer, his accomplice, had falsified your father's will?"

"I must fly!" cried Lady Norman, springing from the bed. "I must go from this place—anywhere—anywhere—so that I am gone before my eyes are blighted by the sight of that monster. Yet stay—who are you, that I should believe all that you say against him? What proofs can you give me?"

"It is natural that you should hesitate to take the word of a stranger for anything so strange and terrible," replied the strange lady, "but you will believe Mrs. Briggs. Come to her. But not in your night dress. You must be warmly clothed, for you will have to pass through some of the coldest passages in the house. Let me assist you."

"She helped the trembling girl to dress, and leaving Mitford still asleep, they passed out into the long, stately corridor.

"It is dark," whispered Lady Norman, shrinking back.

"Do not be afraid," replied her guide in the same tone, as she took her hand; "trust to me, and you will be safe. Come—be firm; and, above all, do not speak."

They went on with noiseless steps, and had reached the centre of the corridor, when they were startled by a gleam of light that shot up the great staircase. The guide peeped down cautiously, and then drew her companion into a neighboring apartment.

"It's that wretched Downey," she whispered; "we will hide here till he is gone."

Presently they heard a door open and shut gently, and to their extreme terror a gleam of light shot into the room where they had taken refuge. It adjointed that which Sir John Norman occupied, and a door of communication between the two had been accidentally left ajar. The two frightened women stood rooted to the spot.

"Sir John! Sir John!" said the voice of the lawyer, heard distinctly through this aperture, "get up, will you? You must bring her keys, and search in the other places."

"Search!" cried Sir John, in the most abject terror; "it's of no use to search! There's nothing to be found! I've not seen that hunting-whip for months, I tell you! I lost it at the last hunt. Shut the doors! Bolt and bar them! I won't be left here in the dark!"

The housekeeper here took her cue. Placing her mouth to the key-hole, she sent through it the longest and most lugubrious groan of which she was mistress, and then, without waiting to see the result, she darted back to Dr. Waldron's dressing-room. The sound of a heavy fall, however, which she heard, as she sped away, informed her that Sir John had either swooned through fear, or stumbled over some object, while beating a precipitate retreat.

She found the doctor ready, and unconscious that she had left the dressing-room; so, darkening the lantern, she took him by the hand, and led him through the maze of passages already described, to her own room. The moment the secret door in the closet was opened, they heard a voice calling upon her in accents of terror.

"She's got the scissors from Miss Wentworth; I'll bet five pounds!" exclaimed the housekeeper, rushing forward.

It was as she suspected. Lady Norman had snatched the scissors while her guardian was cutting the holes in the handkerchief, of which she intended to make a sort of mask, and was only prevented from stabbing herself with them by the exertions of the other lady, whose strength was failing her when help arrived. She had not had time to cover her face, and it was with no small amazement that Dr. Waldron beheld her. When the patient was restored to some degree of tranquility, he looked round for her, but she was gone.

"Will you tell that lady, Mrs. Briggs, I said?" that it is useless for her to hide herself under the impression that I have not recognized her. Hers is a face not so easily to be forgotten. But why do you call her Miss Wentworth? Why has she dropped the title of Lady Norman?"

"Because, sir, she has lost all proof that she ever had a right to it. I don't know whether you are aware of it, sir," continued Mrs. Briggs, after a short pause; "but she disappeared the same morning that you left just seven years ago, and you had the credit of running away with her, and then Sir John laughed and winked at his friends, and talked of having made you a handsome present, which convinced most people that she had been only his mistress. Then that Major Dashwood you remember him, sir; he was near quarrelling with Sir John for not keeping his word and giving him the preference. But Sir John said in excuse that he could not help the poor lady taking her own course, and so they made it up. They talked of all this over their wine, you know, sir, just as if the servants were nothing more than so many chairs or tables; but it was all talked over again in the servants' hall, and soon spread over the country. I think Sir John did it on purpose to keep people from blaming him for her death. However, he never seemed quite comfortable in the house afterwards, and lived almost down here for the shooting season. Many of our people have since thought the poor lady was really dead, though they sometimes chanced to catch a sight of her, and then they took her for a ghost, for she had a way, if met any one too near to slip off quietly, of stretching out her arms and saying, 'Pray for me, as like a ghost as she could.' At last they all believed that her soul could not rest because she had committed suicide."

"Dear heart! but she looks very ill," cried the housekeeper, receiving the half-fainting form of Lady Norman from her conductress, who had, at the last, been almost obliged to carry her. "Does she know all, then?"

"Yes, she was the sorrowful reply. "I had hinted it to her, but she could not believe it until we overheard a conversation that could not fail to convince her. Poor girl! I cannot imagine how she bore it in silence."

"We must get her into bed," said Mrs. Briggs, after having vainly administered restoratives. "This is no common faintness. She is seriously ill. I wish we had Dr. Waldron here."

"For Heaven's sake do not fetch him till the last extremity!" exclaimed the mysterious lady; "he would be sure to recognize me."

"If you are obliged to see him, then wear a veil; but that he will have to come, and that very speedily, I have no doubt."

They carried Lady Norman into the haunted chambers, and placed her in a large, antique bed in the inner room. She soon began to rave wildly about her father, then about her nocturnal visitor, and at last about the dreadful conversation she

had heard pass between Sir John and the lawyer. At the recollection of this she became so frantic that it was with difficulty they restrained her from leaping from the bed.

"I must fetch Dr. Waldron," said Mrs. Briggs. "Where is your veil?"

"I do not know exactly; but never mind the veil. Give me your scissors, and I will cut two holes for my eyes in this handkerchief, and tie it over my head. There, she is exhausted and quiet now; go to the doctor."

The housekeeper brought up from the depths of an enormous pocket a large, bright pair of scissors, which she handed to the mysterious lady, and immediately went to summon Dr. Waldron to the patient. With a small dark-lantern in her hand she sped through the passages which the two ladies had traversed a short time before. The doctor had left his chamber unlocked, in case he should be wanted during the night, and it was without the slightest surprise that on awaking at her voice, he beheld Mrs. Briggs standing beside his bed.

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"Is she worse, then?" demanded he.

"Yes, sir, and I want you to come directly. But she is not where she was."

"Leave my husband!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "Never, while I live!"

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let him go, let him go. In the world to which I am going, it will be mercy, and not vengeance, for sinful humanity.

## CHAPTER LIX.

UNPRESERVED.

When the perfume  
Incurable and the torturing hour  
Calls us to penance.

Unrepaired, unpitied, unreprieved.

"I do not rejoice at his death," she said to Frank, "but I am glad he has been spared the shameful end that would have fallen him had he been captured. I used to wish for revenge upon him. I think I must have been very wicked then. I wished evil wishes, and see, Frank, how terribly they have come to pass."

"Evil wishes, Claudio."

There were always together—one of the few precious interviews which came now and then like glimpses of the Heaven toward which she was hastening, they seemed to Claudio's dying heart. These times of converse with the man she loved so dearly were becoming rare now, for she was almost entirely confined to her own room, coming down stairs only at such intervals as she could bear the transit from one part of the house to another.

She did not suffer so much, now, and these paroxysms of pain, and fits of coughing which seemed to rack her whole body, would try and alarm those about her; but they did not occur often, nor last for any length of time. But she was wasted day by day, like a fading flower over which the chill winds blow too roughly.

Frank had taken her hand, and was looking earnestly into her face—she answered his questioning words with a smile.

"Yes, evil wishes," she said. "Did I not want to destroy your dear dead wreath, no matter how, and have not my prayers been answered most terribly? Did I not wish to be freed from the persecution of Alma's husband, and was I not? Most terribly! Ah! Frank, our wishes, if they are not good ones, recoil upon ourselves some time."

"Let us talk of something else, dear Claudio. Forget these horrors if you can; no more will come to you."

"No, no more in this world, Frank. Neither joy nor sorrow will affect me much longer. I have but one wish unfulfilled on earth now."

"And that is—"

"That I could see you happy before I leave you. You know that I loved you. I am dying, and may speak of it. Had I lived, I should have been jealous—oh, so jealous of the love you could not give me being bestowed upon another, but I shall die the happier for knowing you are blessed with Alma's love, and she with yours."

"But I cannot speak to her about it, Claudio, she is so changed from what she was. I sometimes think that all she has gone through has altered her very nature, and made her hard and cold. She is gentle and kind outwardly, but not the loving-hearted girl I knew once, when our hopes and fears were one."

"It is for Claudio's sake I have consented," she answered, with a look which plainly told, however, that the pleasure would not be confined to her. "What ever she wishes must be done."

"And quickly, too," interrupted Claudio.

"I should not like you to carry the remembrance of a death bed among the memories of your wedding day, and mine is not far distant. Heaven bless you for your consent, my dear," she continued, pressing her wasted lips on Alma's hand.

"You'll not mind going without the splendor of a grand wedding to please an invalid's whim, will you?"

"I would do anything—sacrifice anything to please you. What do I not owe you? more than I can ever repay."

"Ah, but I have, and I shall live to see it come about. I sometimes wish that I might see another spring—that violets and primroses might blossom above my head, and strew me as lie in my coffin, but it will not be, Frank. I shall never see my favorite flowers again."

Her favorite flowers. Alas! it gave Frank a sharp pang at his heart to hear her speak of them. How often had he seen her before a crowded audience, her eyes sparkling with pleasure at their appearance, and her hair crowded with the pale blossoms which she loved so well.

No, she would never see them again.

In all human probability the grass would grow above her head long before they lifted up their little petals to greet the sunshine which called them into being.

The autumn waned slowly away, and the chill blasts of coming winter whistled through the desolate streets and stripped the trees in the squares of all their leafy coverings, and still Claudio Wynne lingered on, but it was a question of days, not months, now, when the end would come. There was no hope that she would see the dawn of another year, no question of her again leaving her chamber until the day when she should exchange it for the sunless radiance of the world beyond the grave.

But the dying actress was not forgotten by her old companions of the stage, though the public, as tickle as it had been enthusiastic, scarcely ever failed to mind the name of its former goddess.

But her professional friends were widely different. Actors and actresses comely forward in times of sickness and calamity, with help and comfort, had had Claudio needed assistance, she would have given it freely and generously. As it was, her old comrades of the Elysium made frequent visits to Baywater, and testified by inquiries, and many little tokens of remembrance, their loving interest in her welfare.

Mr. Goliath was very constant visitor, and to him the dying woman was indebted for the choicest fruits and rarest flowers that money could buy. For a long time he flatly refused to recognize the fact that she was in very deep so near her end, insisting that all she required was rest, and that another year would see her resuming her old place amongst them. In the enjoyment of rude health himself, the thought of death never came between him and his happiness, but even he was fair to confess, toward the last, that no physician's hand could stay the last conqueror of all.

And thus it flung about as though in wild triumph, dashed it against first one obstacle, then another, till nearly all semblance of humanity was beaten out of the once handsome face, and finished by dragging it down to sullen and slimy depths, making it hideously foul with the impurities of the river's bed.

No more rising in this world for him. He was the sport of the current now, and rapidly it bore him along—now gently, as if in mockery of the forfeit life, now with a fierce swirl, sucking its ghastly burden beneath the keel of a heavily laden coal-barge, and bringing it up, more ghastly than death had made it, on the other side.

And then it flung about as though in wild triumph, dashed it against first one obstacle, then another, till nearly all semblance of humanity was beaten out of the once handsome face, and finished by dragging it down to sullen and slimy depths, making it hideously foul with the impurities of the river's bed.

And so through the livelong night, Jasper Gibson, alias Austin Bertram, went on his involuntary pilgrimage, past haunts and places where he had spent many happy hours, snatched and scarce, as wealthily and prosperously. Under the bridges he went, which his living foot would tread no more, till the sun rose and the fog lifted, and day returned bright and clear upon the world, where his place would know him no more.

And the morning shone bright and clear upon the misty river in whose bosom lies hidden the soliloquy of so many terrible secrets, and leamed upon the poor wreck of humanity that had so lately been a living, sentient being.

It was several days before the corpse was found, where the receding tide had left it, tired of its plaything, at the mouth of a sewer, and there some of the men who make their living from the deep water, by robbery the corpses it has made its own, found him, and plundered him before they gave it formation at the nearest police station.

His card case was found in his pocket, and gave the clue to his name and address, and Frank Vavasour was summoned to identify him. His features were too swollen, and a coroner's inquest was summing up, to return the stereotyped verdict of "Found drowned, but whether by accident or otherwise there is no evidence to show."

He left funds enough among his effects at the lodgings to bury him and satisfy all claims, and Frank, at Claudio's instigation, took upon himself the arrangement of the dead man's affairs. All was settled and arranged quietly, and with as much respect for the dead as though the loathsome and disfigured corpse had been one of God's noblest creatures.

It was a painful task to break all this dreadful news to Claudio; but she bore it with greater fortitude than might have been expected. Alma was with her when the news of Austin Bertram's dead body reached her, and it was from Lady Mantonville's lips that the actress heard the awful fate of her persecutor.

She received the news of the terrible end of the man who had been so invert rate enemy to both her parents with emotion, but with an evident feeling of relief.

low tone, a chapter from the Book which was the invalid's sole comfort now, an expression of deep peace was on her face, and her eyes were closed.

Presently he finished, and closing the book, sat looking dreamily at Alma, and there was silence for awhile; but Claudio was the first to break it.

"Come closer to me, Alma," she said, with a kind smile, "and you, too, Frank. I want to speak with both of you."

Alma did as she requested, and Frank coming round to the couch, the invalid took a hand in each of hers and said:

"I told you yesterday that I had not a wish on earth unfulfilled, and yet—

"Yet what does Claudio?" Alma asked, with tender solicitude, though her heart beat thick and fast, for she had observed a glance pass between the two which partly warned her of what was coming.

"I must recall those words," continued Claudio. "I have one wish as yet ungratified."

"What is it, dear? Can we not obtain it for you?"

"I think so."

"You shall have it then."

"Ah, Alma, make no rash promises—you don't know what it is."

"But you will tell us?"

"That is soon done. I want to see you two married!"

"Ah, Claudio!" murmured Alma, but Frank spoke never a word, only watching Alma intently as she bent her head on Claudio's lap to hide her burning blushes from his view.

"What is the prospect so very terrible?" asked Claudio. "Can't you please me by letting me see you married before I go? It would make me far happier. He wishes it, too, though he has lacked courage to speak to you."

Alma looked up at her lover, and read the truth in the impassioned gaze he cast upon her.

"Have I not waited long enough?" he said, in a low whisper, and she answered not to him, but to Claudio.

"If it will give you pleasure, yes," she replied, with a deeper blush than ever, and Frank knelt beside her, and, drawing her yielding form to him, sealed the contract with a loving kiss.

"I feared so much to ask you," he said. "My darling, how happy you have made me."

"It is for Claudio's sake I have consented," she answered, with a look which plainly told, however, that the pleasure would not be confined to her. "What ever she wishes must be done."

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The tying of the knot which is to last "till death do us part" is not a very lengthy affair, and before even Claudio's sun face showed any trace of fatigue the two, so long separated, were man and wife—ever Mrs. Everfield telling her that her hesitation was out of place—the very next day the clergyman of the parish, who had been extremely attentive to Claudio, arrived with his clerk, and was ushered into the room, which had been fitted for the ceremony. Claudio's couch had been already wheeled in, and she reclined upon it in a pure white dress, looking so bright and happy that it was hard to believe that she was dying.

Lovely—with an ethereal beauty belonging not to this earth—she wore no ornament in her dark hair, over which Dorothy with a foreigner's love of costume, had thrown a rich lace veil.

Presently Mrs. Everfield came in, and the clergyman retired to robe himself, while Alma and Frank took their places at the extemporized altar.

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

prompted thoughts dire as those of Macbeth, when Duncan slumbered for a night as "he had purposed" in his castle.

For struggle as he may have done, in all the past, to hide the (to him) appalling truth, in this hour, as he beheld her standing there, he knew that he—the guardian who had promised dispassionately to watch over her life's happiness—loved her, as he had never loved the mother in his youth—loved her as he had never dreamed of this grand, sly, after all, this master passion of our souls, in all the vanished years—loved her, as he believed, against reason and against hope, blindly, madly, deathlessly, with a passion that would have made him offer up his heart's blood in unheeded libations at her feet, while from his pallid lips a cry went up to Heaven for aid and strength.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

## STILL ON THE TRAIL.

And the days and weeks went by, and still Angela Tressylian dreamed not in her innocence of the feelings she had inspired in her guardian's breast. He had not strayed all these years in vain—he could crush down this living agony and smile still, and be all things for her sake. Even Evelyn Clare, with all her sharp worldliness, had not fathomed his secret. All her efforts to penetrate the polished steel of his invincible armor had been to no purpose.

And Karl had sat and talked and smoked and walked and ridden with this never-changing, seemingly passionless hero of select circles, without ever dreaming that here might be the formidable rival who should at last blight his own hopes, with those of a score of other distinguished aspirants. For Karl Clare, the gay and debonnaire, as frolic as he had been unscrupulous in his loves, had also concentrated upon Angela Tressylian the affections and aspirations of a life, and was determined to spare no effort to win her hand. He had begun to believe, too, that he might have reasonable hopes of success. He was young, handsome, talented and wealthy, holding an unquestionable position in society, and as yet he could see no reason why his own chances should not hold good amongst the best of them.

And how did Angela herself regard him? Perhaps it would have been difficult for her to decide just at this time. She had found him always pleasing and agreeable, full of anecdotes of the people he had met, sometimes severe in satire, and ever alternating from grave to gay, from lively to severe, with a versatility of talent that could not fail to amuse her. And sometimes, of late, she had begun to feel in need of diversion. Every one could see that she was slowly losing that really merry freshness of childhood—the gaiety of the heart—that had characterized her on her first introduction into society. Was she falling in love?

Karl asked himself the question, and believing that he would be the object of her choice, secretly hoped that she was. Evelyn also rallied her, but could come to no conclusion.

"I cannot fathom this great master of romance, and of those stern realities called law and politics," she said half-seriously to Angela one morning, as they sat in the boudoir of the latter. "I have tried your guardian, dear, to no purpose. He has performed all the duties of a host to perfection. He has escorted me to places of amusement, has been enthusiastic in his praises of my music, has been ever ready in compliment, and even with the double entendre of sentiment, that might mean nothing or everything to one less a woman of the world than myself; but I should not be surprised if it were the most unpleasant stroke of policy that he has been called on to use in years, for I am quite sure he does not even like me."

"Nay," said Angela warmly, "I am sure you do him a great injustice. He would like you because I do."

"Silly child! Do you flatter yourself so much?"

Angela blushed vividly.

"I know, Eva, that he loves me very tenderly."

"And I am as thoroughly persuaded, my chere," replied Miss Clare, "that he loves nothing but his own worldly, ambitious schemes. He has the head of Autunno, and the brain of—Monsieur de Tocqueville, for example, but he has no heart."

"No, Evelyn," cried Miss Tressylian. "I will not hear that, even from you. He has no heart; when the grandeur of his soul often makes me feel how little and mean is all the rest of the world in comparison! My greatest grief is that I cannot comprehend him—that his simplest thoughts are so far beyond me. I should like to feel that while I have all the watchful devotion that the tenderest of brothers might give a sister, my companionship might be some pleasure or comfort to him."

"You are enthusiastic, as all women are when their name is mentioned," said Miss Clare, thoughtfully. "Perhaps it is well that my own heart was given away when I came here, and that I am to be married so soon, or I too might have sighed in wretchedness for the remainder of my life. He is still faultlessly handsome, is he not?"

"Yes," replied Angela, unhesitatingly, "and that is the least of all his attractions. He is great and good! And Evelyn, I am sure, as prosperous as he seems to have been, that he has suffered greatly in his life."

"That is your romantic imagination," said Miss Clare, with a meaning smile. "Do you remember your school valedictory on 'Hero Worship,' that even the press lauded so highly? Bear it carefully in mind, my dear, when I am gone, for you are in great danger."

"How? I do not comprehend you," returned Angela, with a bewildered look.

"Then I will not enlighten you," replied her friend, seriously; "but the time is not far distant when you will recall all that I have said. You may write to me about it then."

"I fear you will always be too deep for me," replied Angela, laughing; "but there is my guardian's bell, and it is time we were dressing for luncheon." And the two ladies retired to their separate rooms.

"I wonder," thought Miss Clare, meditatively, "if Angela can be as innocent as she seems? Yet it must be. She is not yet adept enough in the ways of the world to hide her feelings from me. And poor child, she will awaken full soon. I must warn Karl to be on his guard."

In the meantime Earl Templeton had been spending some hours of the morning busily writing. The door of his room, leading into the library, stood ajar, and his pale, classic face, with the broad, intellectual brow, was turned in profile toward it. No one seeing him thus, in the privacy of his own room, could have failed to note the prevailing expression of melancholy stamped upon every feature. He might banish it at will, to call up the courtly smile, or to give utterance to the blandishments of the courier before the world. But here every line of the proud face told

of a great heart crushed by its burden of woes.

It was thus that Angela had seen him so often of late, when strolling into the library for a moment she had looked in on him through the open door; and seeing, had been touched with a tender pity, until she had gone forth again with the shadow on her own fair face, wondering what it was, and vainly wishing that he would deem her worthy to share the secret of his great trouble, whatever it might be.

And Karl Clare, standing this morning in the embrasure of the library window opposite, marveled at this, to him, wholly new and softened light in the great man's face, and felt at the moment a love and reverence for him that he had never experienced for him before. But at the moment that he strove to analyze it, Templeton looked up, and seeing him, frowned slightly, hesitated an instant, and came in to him with his habitual cold polish of manner and look.

"Forgive me," said Karl, with easy grace. "I had requested a private interview with you at eleven, and I came in without announcement, expecting to find you here."

"True," returned Templeton, formally. "It is I who should beg pardon. It was engaged, and as usual under such circumstances, the momentis flew by unheeded. I am looking up at a bronze clock above the door, "several minutes past the hour, and, Mr. Clare, pray consider me at your service as long as you will."

"Nay," answered the young man, with a slight flush upon his handsome face. "I think you have already guessed my business here, or at any rate it is soon told. Mr. Templeton, with your calm penetration, you must have seen long ago that I love your ward, Miss Tressylian, and that it is of her I would speak." In spite of his efforts to control himself, the young man's voice grew husky and his bosom heaved with the intensity of his emotion.

The smile of derision that half rose to Templeton's lips was suppressed; but the cold, fathomless eyes looked up at him without one ray of sympathy.

"You have my utmost attention, Mr. Clare."

"Then, sir," cried the young man, "there is only one other remark necessary. Have I your permission to speak to Miss Tressylian in person—to tell her of my mystery?"

"You have hope, then?"

"Life could not be borne without it," he exclaimed, passionately. "Yet that question from you sounded like my death knell. Do you think I have been too presumptuous?"

"You are mistaken in your first assertion," replied Templeton, slowly. "And for the last, I should be presumptuous to decide. But, Mr. Clare, I have heard of you involved in many similar affairs before. Are you quite sure that this will be more lasting?"

"My God! How dead to the allurements of woman's charms you must be, to be able to look at Miss Tressylian and then suggest a thought of infidelity!" cried Karl. "Whether scorned or accepted, I shall worship Miss Tressylian to the hour of my death."

"I have said nothing of her," replied Templeton, with a momentary look of guiltiness, "only that three months ago you were swearing the same thing to Miss Hamilton of Dara."

"I have sent back her letters and ring—"

"Cease!" said Templeton, haughtily. "I do not ask for your confidence in other matters, nor would I insinuate that Miss Tressylian might not hold even your virginity in perpetual thraldom. I only wished to remind you of a fact which I suppose you have not forgotten—that you are dealing with me now, and not with Hugh Hamilton. I know your position, Mr. Clare, your wealth and your prospects, and against them I can say naught. Your wish is, then, to speak to Miss Tressylian in person?"

"Yes."

Earl Templeton rang a silver bell, and Carlos looked in.

"Send Juliette to Miss Tressylian, and say that, if agreeable, I should be pleased to see her a few moments here."

The man bowed and withdrew, and Templeton and his guest sat, each with a book in hand, until Angela, in all her glorious beauty, which had never impressed either of the two more forcibly than now, came into the room. It is needless to say that neither of them had read. But these surmises were soon to be put to flight by something more tangible, for as she reached the landing she saw a tall, handsome stranger standing beside Rose and took her hand.

"The 'divinity,' I suppose," she murmured to herself; "how absurd. Who can imagine such a thing, and above all to be captivated at first sight, bah! Divine is he! I wonder what he'll look like? Red-haired, bandy-legged, and a squint, I should not wonder."

"You seem to have arranged it between you, but who is this paragon I am to use one of your favorite expressions?" to fall in love with?"

"Guy Laurie? Oh, a nice enough fellow, we often would say; 'lovely' is the young lady, I believe."

"Divine," murmured a soft voice from the bows.

"Maybe he'd better be groomed, then," said Marion's mocking, teasing voice as she arose off.

"Me in love!" she said to herself; "how absurd. Who can imagine such a thing, and above all to be captivated at first sight, bah! Divine is he! I wonder what he'll look like? Red-haired, bandy-legged, and a squint, I should not wonder."

But these surmises were soon to be put to flight by something more tangible, for as she reached the landing she saw a tall, handsome stranger standing beside Rose and her lover.

"The 'divinity,' I suppose," she murmured to herself. Then with her usual nonchalance she rowed the boat to shore.

"I am very happy to make the acquaintance of one so long esteemed by my friend, Paul Vinton." A mere form such as might have been said at any introduction, nothing to make a girl blush for, and yet there Marion stood blushing and trembling as she had never done before.

Why is it that some people possess this power over others. The power of thrilling them through and through? Why is it that a bond of sympathetic feeling can make two strangers feel like old friends? Is it the remembrance of something that happened long ago in a far-off spirit land? I am sometimes inclined to think it is—for here is a girl loved by many, and yet unwilling in return, who had never felt a spark of romantic feeling before, trembling under the glance of a stranger, whose words, a very nothing in themselves, have the power to give birth to blushes on her cheek. Marion spent that evening in a trance. There was no longer no soul in the eyes. The shy, upward glances seemed to reveal the birth of it as they came from beneath the heavy curling lashes.

She was entranced that evening, and let her glances rove unmindful where they willed.

But Marion, not a flirt, and being ill able to disguise her real feeling, awoke next morning with a sense of shame, to think of the construction that could have been put upon her manner.

"Could this be the same young lady?" Guy thought, "who had let her hand linger so in the night before?" He had liked her with an unquestioning faith then, but to-day he was not unquestioning, and his faith was diminished. "What makes her so different?" he asked of Paul, "she is like a chameleon."

"Oh, I don't know, it's her way; don't grow to like her; I did once, but she would not have me, and I had to take her sister."

"Don't fear for me, old fellow—I'm season'd."

Walks, rides, drives and boating served only to increase the liking so suddenly sprung up between Guy and Marion. They were on the river just as she was the first time we met her a week ago, idly drifting, which continued about an hour, when the speculators announced that "Miss Dollie Dumpling's carriage stops the way," a signal for the termination of the ball.

"I would that my love could silently flow in a single word," said he, looking lazily at her; a world of meaning hidden beneath his tone.

She had liked him well enough till now, for she had drifted on, and on, never thinking of love, but at these words she began to think more of what had been going on, and to put their real significance

to it. And the words, looks and poetry, a thing she had not thought of doing before. Now as she stood on the brink of hearing an "avowal," her old hatred of mankind rushed over her, leaving her the same Undine-like girl she had been before.

"Foolish, foolish, icily regular, splendidly null."

"So she is a flirt," said Guy, "lets a fellow go just so far and no farther. There is a sort of 'Noli me tangere' about her that's taking."

"Taking, I'm afraid it was rather to Guy. She loves you, and you are compelled to offer her your hand, your fortune and your name. You dare not hesitate; or both of you must suffer insensibly in the estimation of the world, to whom good opinion you have attained a value, it is to be regretted, above all domestic happiness. Be warned and act promptly."

A FAIRY.

"Fools! Insane fools!" snarled the old woman, "I had requested a private interview with you at eleven, and I came in without announcement, expecting to find you here."

"True," returned Templeton, formally. "It is I who should beg pardon. It was engaged, and as usual under such circumstances, the momentis flew by unheeded. I am looking up at a bronze clock above the door, "several minutes past the hour, and, Mr. Clare, pray consider me at your service as long as you will."

"Nay," answered the young man, with a slight flush upon his handsome face. "I think you have already guessed my business here, or at any rate it is soon told. Mr. Templeton, with your calm penetration, you must have seen long ago that I love your ward, Miss Tressylian, and that it is of her I would speak." In spite of his efforts to control himself, the young man's voice grew husky and his bosom heaved with the intensity of his emotion.

The smile of derision that half rose to Templeton's lips was suppressed; but the cold, fathomless eyes looked up at him without one ray of sympathy.

(To be continued in our next. Continued in No. 14.)

## THE MODERN UNDINE.

BY PHOENIX.

Faintly families, icily regular, splendidly null,

and the world goes by.

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## INDIAN ROCK: WISSAHICKON.

I lay upon a rock gray, with the length  
Of periods stretching back beyond all me,  
And trimmed with certain leaves, and whose  
strength  
Had seen strange sights and doings, I thought  
Then, all round the green-leaved forest stood,  
Save where the rock pushed up, and saw the  
There, in the gap, covered of some common weed,  
And painted red, and like an Indian dressed,  
A figure standing over the vale beneath at rest.

The sunset streamed upon him, round his head,  
The warm light lay, and lit the gray, and shot  
Long leaves in the wood on bush and stock.  
He stood as in the days which now are past,  
Gently, gently, like a spirit, who seemed  
A spirit-like almost human in the glow.  
In those, attenuated ghosts who to and fro  
Chose ever over mystic hills the scattered seats.

III.

A legend of a time of dwindling tribes,  
And dying up and down the land,  
And loss of all the savage mind imbues  
As dooms—of the right of every man  
To live, and to go forth into the West,  
Or spirit-like by broken-hearted men,  
Who left a dead, and stopped, and sideways  
pressed.

Thus comes back, and saw the stranger's day  
From fresh, twin-born, not marked by touch nor  
time.

IV.

Here, through the early twilight of the wood,  
And followed closely by dark lines of leaves,  
And after intervals by mists, who strewed  
On the ground, and over the grass,  
Came he, the king, who fell the bison tree  
From the sunset over lands once for him—  
Grand chieftain of the Lenape  
And went up on the rock, from space dim,  
Into a place well-nit, not marked by touch nor  
time.

V.

The never-ending forest breathed around him,  
And stretched itself over hills, or in a meadow  
In which the sweet stream by which he bound  
was flowing.

Unto her like her child, Adown the steep,  
Looing through hundred branching trees,  
And sprays  
Came she, sun-dried, tipped of lighter green,  
And like the ears of man on many a hill,  
She saw her waters drift, and then sweep  
Awhile, run out, and far away, long hills be-  
tween.

VI.

The dying sun burned on his lurid face,  
Then sank not him, standing stern and still,  
Left not red figure him, who died pale  
Now, made no noise, nor to move had skill,

Behind, one with his hand upon the crag,  
And others grouped near, so wildly dressed,  
His brave, long-clad, and here a white hood  
And there a maiden fair for these east  
Last remnant of the tribe to follow toward the  
West.

VII.

The cheetah turned, the vales looked up and saw  
Him slowly moving from them, as was fate;  
A few moments glistered on his battle-clad  
Form, and then he left them, and was gone.

They rose, his hand of Lenape,  
Followed him, they crossed the woods by  
night.

In the silent file like sheets that flew:  
The disengaged force from the right  
Of those sweet streams and hills, their and their  
leader's right.

sobility of character; but young Carmichael possessed a personal beauty and a charm of manner that made him a favorite wherever he went, especially with the opposite sex. He had the reputation of being a great flirt, but in reality he was almost always in earnest; his heart was so impulsive that he was in love and out again with every change of the moon.

The two young men had come to the country for the purpose of hunting and fishing in the sylvan wilds. How successfully they carried out their designs, this sketch will show.

The July sun was low in the west ore Vane Carmichael made his appearance in the little village. Paul Somers was lounging on the hotel porch, watching the masses of crimson clouds in the south through half-closed eyes, when his friend came swiftly down the street, and paused at his side.

"Well, Vane, what success?" asked Paul, aroused from his reverie.

Vane Carmichael laughed, and a faint flush tinged his handsome face.

"Capital, old boy, capital. Have you a cigar about you? Then you—smoked mine all up on the way home. When this gets to going I'll tell you about my adventures."

With a little coaxing the cigar was "got to go," and enveloped in a cloud of smoke from the fragrant Havana, Mr. Carmichael was in his element.

"You see, Paul," he commenced, "the little beauty was delighted to see me, as I knew she would be. I introduced myself, and found out her name, which is Nannie Ellingham—romantic, isn't it?—and in ten minutes we were chatting like old friends. Well, we talked and picked strawberries until the basket was full, when the girl invited me to go home with her and take dinner—which of course I was glad to do. She lives in the prettiest little cottage in the world, all surrounded by flowers, and we spent nearly all the afternoon in the garden, looking at the flowers and reading poetry. I'm dead in love, Paul—she is the prettiest little thing in the world, and I'm innocent as a child."

"How long has this paragon been in the country?" asked Paul, dryly.

"How long? why, hang it, ever since she was born!" answered Vane. "Her father is a farmer—poor and roughly clad, I admit, but a gentleman for all that."

"Great Jupiter! is it possible that the wealthy, the refined, the fastidious Vane Carmichael, society's prime favorite, has fallen in love with a milk maid?"

"You may laugh, Paul, but when you see the girl you will appreciate my taste."

"But surely, Vane, you would not marry an obscure farmer's daughter?"

"I said nothing about marrying, I believe?" said Carmichael, smiling.

"True love ought to lead to that, ought it not?"

"Not always—a man may make love to a woman, without wishing to marry her."

"Vane Carmichael, are you a scoundrel?" said Paul Somers, sternly. "Would you drag a pure woman down to ruin and shame? If you would do this, I no longer wish to regard you as a friend."

"Pshaw, Paul—you misunderstand me. I trust I am an honorable man, as well as yourself. I shall only cultivate the acquaintance of this pretty country girl as a means of making my leisure hours pass pleasantly. Of course I couldn't think of marrying her—the governor would cut me forever, were I to do so."

"Then, Vane, let the girl alone. Suppose you win her heart by your attentions? What is only a pleasant pastime to you may be a matter of life or death for her."

"Nonsense! If she does learn to like me—what of it? Don't I fall in love twenty times a year? and you see it doesn't hurt me in the least."

"Vane Carmichael, you never yet truly loved any one—except yourself."

"Ha, ha, Paul, you are sarcastic! but we are old friends, so I won't take offence at anything you say. Good-bye—I'm going to my room to dream about the golden-haired Nannie."

A week passed away, and the two young men still lingered in the quiet village. Paul Somers hunted and fished and admired the pictureque scenery alone, for Vane Carmichael paid daily visits to the little white cottage in which dwelt pretty Nannie Ellingham at once and forever! said Somers, warmly.

Vane Carmichael's handsome face flushed as he answered, angrily:

"I consider myself a man of honor, and no other man living should speak to me as you do. But as you say, we are old friends, and I will not quarrel with you. I forbid you to mention this subject to me again, and I assure you that I shall act as I think proper in the matter."

"Then, Vane, let the girl alone. Suppose you win her heart by your attentions? What is only a pleasant pastime to you may be a matter of life or death for her."

"Nonsense! If she does learn to like me—what of it? Don't I fall in love twenty times a year? and you see it doesn't hurt me in the least."

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"Ha, ha, Paul, you are sarcastic! but we are old friends, so I won't take offence at anything you say. Good-bye—I'm going to my room to dream about the golden-haired Nannie."

His companion, Paul Somers, laughed lightly, and pulled his tawny mustache.

"Ha, ha, Vane, this rustic nymph must be particularly charming, to cause you to forget your cigar in this way. You should be careful of your Havanas—they are not to be procured in the rural districts."

"Hang the Havanas!" said Carmichael, impatiently. "I tell you, Paul, the girl has the face of an angel. Rustic nymph, indeed! Why, her hands were white as snow, and she was dressed like a lady. She must be a virgin here like ourselves, and I'm going to form her acquaintance, if possible. I'm in love at first sight, by Jove!"

"For the fiftieth time within a year, smiled Paul Somers.

"Well, hang it all, what of it? I'm as dead as a door-nail, I know, and it isn't my nature to be constant."

"Except to your cigars—you cling to them with a devotion passing the love of women."

"Yes, old fellow, don't chaff. Because you detect the habit, you needn't begrudge me the pleasure of a quiet smoke now and then."

"By no means. I only wish that were your worst failing."

"What do you mean, Paul? I am sure I'm not a bad fellow, only—by Jove! if that little beauty hasn't stopped to pick strawberries over yonder? Now is my chance for an introduction, old boy. I'm going to help her fill her basket."

"Wait, Vane, don't be foolish. The girl is only a common farmer's daughter, probably, and at any rate she will not desire the company of an entire stranger. Let us return to town—I'm getting very hungry."

"Not I," replied Vane Carmichael, laughing. "I'm hungry also, but wild strawberries, resemed by the smiles of that little beauty, will be a feast fit for a king. Come along with me, Paul. I'll do all the talking, while you can stroke that outlandish mustache, and look unutterable things with those melancholy eyes of yours. Do you consent?"

"No, that you consent. Go your way if you must—I shall return to the hotel."

"At noon, then—shall be at the village before night, and waving his hand, Vane Carmichael leaped a fence that was in the way and strode across the meadow toward the brightly clad figure of the berry-gatherer."

"Vane is a fool," was the not very complimentary remark of Mr. Somers as he walked slowly away in an opposite direction from that taken by his friend. "Every new face, if decently pretty, captivates his sickle fancy, and the boy forthwith fancies himself in love. Love—he does not know the meaning of the word."

The two young men whom we have just introduced were residents of Philadelphia, where they moved in the highest circles of society. They were distantly related, and having been much together since boyhood, were firm friends, although their tastes and habits were entirely dissimilar. Both were sufficiently wealthy to live without work, but Somers devoted the greater part of his time to his profession, the bar, while Carmichael banished himself in the pursuit of pleasure and dissipation. Both were handsome, talented, and proud of their ancient names and honorable families; but while Carmichael was open-hearted, jovial, and a "hale fellow well met" with every chance acquaintance, Somers was reserved, sometimes even haughty in his manners. The latter was several years older than his friend, and much his superior in depth of mind and



STRETCH OF PRIVILEGE.

DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE (to a Privileged Old Friend of the Family). "Dear Mr. Lupus, you don't seem to be enjoying yourself. I should so like to have you waltz this once with me."

PRIVILEGED OLD FRIEND. "My dear child, I don't dance; but, if it suits you, I wouldn't mind sitting here with my arm round your waist, while the others are making themselves dizzy."

country girl, guileless and unversed to society, be proof against your fascinations? That you have already touched her heart, I saw by her manner a moment ago. I'm less than you break off the acquaintance soon, the poor child will be doomed to suffer of wretchedness, or perhaps die of a broken heart. Believe me, more friendship between you two is impossible. Your affection between young people of opposite sexes is always a dangerous experiment."

"The oracle has spoken!" said Carmichael, with something like a sneer.

"My most virtuous friend, suppose I truly love this girl, and marry her, what do you say to that?"

"If you have made up your mind to disregard the opinions of your friends, and of the world, I have nothing more to say. I believe the girl is in every way worthy of you."

"I have made up my mind to do nothing of the kind, however. I have been reared in the highest social circles—my father is almost a millionaire; Nannie Ellingham is the child of an obscure farmer, and has nothing but her beauty to recommend her. Such a misalliance would disgrace me forever."

"Then, if you have a particle of honor about you, you will cease your attentions to Miss Ellingham at once and forever!" said Somers, warmly.

Vane Carmichael's handsome face flushed as he answered, angrily:

"I consider myself a man of honor, and no other man living should speak to me as you do. But as you say, we are old friends, and I will not quarrel with you. I forbid you to mention this subject to me again, and I assure you that I shall act as I think proper in the matter."

A fortnight later. The little village was wrapped in the dreamy haze of the summer evening. As Paul Somers, loaded with rifle and fishing tackle, approached the hotel, he saw Vane Carmichael pacing the porch with an open letter in his hand.

"Paul, I've got a letter from my mother summoning me home, from Europe, and is now at the governor's house. My maternal relatives have long wished to make a match between us—she is very beautiful and immensely wealthy—and I don't think I shall object. A man must marry some time, and Miss Vane is a prize worth winning. I shall start for the city in the morning; will you go with me, or do you wish to rusticate awhile longer?"

"I intend to remain here some time yet," briefly replied Somers.

"All right, I'd rather stay myself. I must run down to take a last look at the fields—bye-bye!" and in a moment Carmichael was hurrying down the street.

A week passed away, and the two young men still lingered in the quiet village. Paul Somers hunted and fished and admired the pictureque scenery alone, for Vane Carmichael paid daily visits to the little white cottage in which dwelt pretty Nannie Ellingham at once and forever!

After lounging about the lonely hotel until the sun went out, Vane Carmichael hid his face in his hands, and wept as he had never wept before. He was not wilfully bad, only weak and cowardly and proud. He realized, when it was too late, how dishonorably he had acted.

A month later. The October winds sighed mournfully around Nannie Ellingham's lonely grave. The world called it a splendid match, and predicted a long and happy life for the youthful pair. But if there is a higher than earthly tribunal where we must each of us render up our account, will he have probably never seen him again?

Nannie Ellingham gave a little gasping sob.

"Oh, it is not true—I cannot, I will not believe it," she cried.

"My poor child, do you think I would tell you this merely to cause you pain?" said the young man, pityingly.

Vane Carmichael starts in the morning to meet his intended bride.

With a low moan, the girl sank down on the damp grass at the young man's feet.

"Perhaps I have killed her," thought Somers. "I was too abrupt, but God knows I meant it for the best. Poor little girl! she looks like a white lily cut down by an untimely frost."

Miss Ellingham soon recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen, and slowly arose to her feet. Her beautiful face was gashed in the moonlight, and she was obliged to cling to the fence for support.

"I believe what you tell me, Mr. Somers," she said, speaking with difficulty. "I have sometimes feared as much—but oh, Heaven! if your friend did not care for me—why did he tell me so? Why did he not let me live my simple life in peace?"

"Why, indeed? Vane Carmichael has acted a base and cowardly part; but you, Miss Ellingham, must not break your heart for him. Try to forget him, and your life may yet be happy."

"It is too late—too late!" said the girl, sighing wearily. "I thank you for the interest you have taken in me, Mr. Somers. Good night."

"You are too weak to walk alone, Miss Ellingham—allow me to assist you home," said Paul, offering her his arm.

The girl accepted his aid, and they walked across the fields in utter silence.

The young man felt the hard on his arm tremble like a leaf, and he could see that the lovely face was wet with tears. At length they arrived at the pretty cottage which was the girl's home.

"I wish you to regard me as a friend," said Paul Somers, gently; "and if I can serve you in any way, command me. Good night."

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